A

Moſt pleaſant

Comedy of *Mucedorus*

the Kings Sonne of *Valentia*,
and *Amadine* the Kings
Daughter of *Aragon*.

With the merry conceits of *Mouſe*.

Amplified with new Additions,
as it was acted before the Kings Majeſtie at Whitehall, on Shrove-ſunday night

By his Highneſſe ſervants uſually playing at the *Globe*.

Very delectable and full of conceited mirth.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Wright*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop, at the ſigne of the *Bible* in *Gilt ſpurre-Street* without *Newgate*. 1639.

Liue longe the noble *Phœnix* of our age,
Our fayre *Eliza* our *Zabeta* fayre.

Dian. And loe beſide this rare ſolemnitie,
And ſacrifice theſe dames are wont to doe,
A fauour far in deed contrarie kinde,
Bequeathed is vnto thy worthynes.
Shee deliuereth the bull of golde to the Queenes owne hands.
This prize from heauen and heauenly goddeſſes,
Accept it then, thy due by *Dians* dome,
Praiſe of the wiſedome, beautie and the ſtate,
That beſt becomes thy peereles excellencie.

Ven. So fayre *Eliza*, *Venus* doth reſigne,
The honour of this honour to be thine.

Iun. So is the queene of heauen content likewiſe,
To yelde to thee her title in the prize.

Pal. So *Pallas* yeeldes the prayſe hereof to thee,
For wiſedome, princely ſtate, and peereleſſe beautie.

EPILOGVS.

Omnes ſimul. { *Viue diu fœlix votis hominúmque Deúmque.*
{ *Corpore, mente, libro, doctiſsima, candida, caſta.*

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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Liue longe the noble *Phœnix* of our age,
Our fayre *Eliza* our *Zabeta* fayre.

Dian. And loe beside this rare solemnitie,
And sacrifice these dames are wont to doe,
A fauour far in deed contratie kinde,
Bequeathed is vnto thy worthynes.
Shee deliuereth the ball of golde to the Queenes owne hands.
This prize from heauen and heauenly goddesses,
Accept it then, thy due by *Dians* dome,
Praise of the wisedome, beautie and the state,
That best becomes thy peereles excellencie.

Ven. So fayre *Eliza*, *Venus* doth resigne,
The honour of this honour to be thine.

Iun. So is the queene of heauen content likewise,
To yelde to thee her title in the prize.

Pal. So *Pallas* yeeldes the prayse hereof to thee,
For wisedome, princely state, and peereless beautie.

EPILOGVS.

Omnes simul. { *Viue diu fœlix votis hominúmque Deúmque.*
{ *Corpore, mente, libro, doctissima, candida, casta.*

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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The Prologue.

MOſt Sacred Majeſtie, whoſe great deſerts,
Thy ſubject England ; *nay, the world admires :*
Which heav'n grant ſtill increaſe : O may your praiſe
Multiplying with your houres, your fame ſtill raiſe.
Embrace your Councel : Love, with Faith them guide,
That both as one bench by the others ſide ;
So may your life paſſe on, and runne ſo even,
That your firme zeal plant you a Throne in Heaven :
Where ſmiling Angels ſhall your guardians be,
From blemiſht Traitours, ſtain'd with perjurie.
And as the Night's inferiour to the Day,
So be all earthly Regions to your ſway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night,
For from your beams Europe ſhall borrow light :
Mirth drown your boſome ; faire Delight your minde,
And may our paſtime your contentment finde.

Exit.

Ten perſons may eaſily play it.

The King and Romelo,	} *for one.*
King Valentia,	} *for one.*
Mucedorus the Prince of Valentia,	} *for one.*
Anſelmo,	} *for one.*
Amadine the Kings Daughter of Aragon,	} *for one.*
Segaſto a Nobleman,	} *for one.*
Envy, Tremelio a Captaine, Bremo a wilde man,	} *for one.*
Comedy, a Boy, an old Woman, Aienra, Amadines maid,	} *for one.*
Collina Counſeller, a Meſſenger,	} *for one.*
Mouſe the Clowne,	} *for one.*

A moſt pleaſant Comedie of *Mucedorus* the Kings Sonne of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedy joyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.

WHy ſo, thus doe I hope to pleaſe;
Muſick revives, and mirth is tolerable:
Comedy play thy part and pleaſe;
Make merry them that come to joy with thee;
Joy then good Gentiles, I hope to make you laugh;
Sound forth *Bellona's* ſilver tuned ſtrings;
Time fits us well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Envy, his armes naked, beſmeared with bloud.

Envy. Nay ſtay minion, ſtay, there lies a block;
What all on mirth? Ile interrupt your tale,
And mix your muſick with a Tragick end.

Comedy. What monſtruous ugly hagge is this,
That dares controle the pleaſures of our will?
Vaunt churliſh Curre beſmeard with gory bloud,
That ſeem'ſt to check the bloſſome of Delight,
And ſtill the ſound of ſweet *Bellona's* breath:
Bluſh monſter bluſh, and poſt away with ſhame,
That ſeek'ſt diſturbance of a Goddeſſe name.

Envy. Poſt hence thy ſelf thou counterchecking Trull,
I will poſſeſſe this habit ſpight of thee,
And gaine the glory of this wiſhed port.
Ile thunder muſick ſhall appale the Nymphs,
And make them ſhiver their clattering ſtrings,
Flying for ſuccour to their Daniſh Caves.

Sound Drummes within, and cry, Stab, ſtab.

Hearken, thou ſhalt heare noiſe
Shall fill the aire with ſhrilling ſound;

And

And thunder muſick to the Gods above:
Mars ſhall himſelf breathe downe
A peereleſſe Crowne upon brave *Envies* head,
And raiſe his chivall with a laſting fame:
In this brave muſick *Envie* takes delight,
Where I may ſee them wallow in their bloud,
To ſpurne at Arms and Legs quite ſhivered off,
And heare the cries of many thouſands ſlaine:
How lik'ſt thou this my Trull? 'tis ſport alone for me.

Com. Vaunt bloudy Curre, nurſt up with Tygers ſap,
That ſo doſt quaile a womans minde:
Comedy is milde, gentle, willing for to pleaſe,
And ſeeks to gaine the love of all eſtates;
Delighting in mirth, mixt all with lovely tales;
And bringeth things with treble joy to paſſe.
Thou bloudy, envious, diſdainer of mens joyes;
Whoſe name is fraught with bloudy ſtratagems,
Delights in nothing but in ſpoile and death,
Where thou mayſt trample in their luke warme bloud,
And graſpe their hearts within thy curſed pawes:
Yet vaile thy minde, revenge thee not on me,
A ſilly woman begs it at thy hands;
Give me the leave to utter out my Play:
Forbeare this place, I humbly crave thee hence,
And mix not death 'mongſt pleaſing Comedies,
That treats nought elſe but pleaſure and delight:
If any ſparke of humane reſts in thee,
Forbeare, be gone, tender the ſuit of me.

Envy. Why ſo I will; forbearance ſhall be ſuch,
As treble death ſhall croſſe thee with deſpight,
And make thee mourne where moſt thou joyeſt,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole,
Whirling thy pleaſures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methods in a ſea of bloud:
Thus will I doe: Thus ſhall I beare with thee,
And more, to vex thee with a deeper ſpight,
I will with threats of bloud begin the play,
Favouring thee with Envy and with Hate.

Com.

Com. Then ugly monſter do thy worſt,
I will defend them in deſpight of thee:
And though thou thinkeſt with Tragick fumes
To prove my Play unto my great diſgrace;
I force it not, I ſcorne what thou canſt doe:
Ile grace it ſo, thy ſelf ſhalt it confeſſe,
From Tragick ſtuffe, to be a pleaſant Comedie.

Envy. Why then *Comedie* ſend the Actors forth,
And I will croſſe the firſt ſtep of their Trade,
Making them feare the very dart of death.

Com. And Ile defend them maugre all thy ſpight;
So ugly fiend farewell till time ſhall ſerve,
That we may meet to parley for the beſt.

Envy. Content *Comedie*, I'le go ſpread my branch,
And ſcattered bloſſomes from mine envious Tree,
Shall prove two Monſters ſpoyling of their joyes. *Exit.*

Sound.

Enter Mucedorus, and Anſelmo his friend.

Muc. *Anſelmo?* *Anſel.* My Lord and friend,
Whoſe deare affections boſome with my heart,
And keep their domination in one Orbe;
Whence nere diſloyalty ſhall root it forth,
But faith plant firmer in your choiſe reſpect.

Muc. Much blame were mine if I ſhould other deeme,
Nor can coy fortune contrary allow:
But my *Anſelmo*, loth I am to ſay, I muſt enſtrange that friend-
Miſconſtrue not, 'tis from the Realme, not thee: ſhip:
Though Lands part Bodies, Hearts keep company:
Thou know'ſt that I imparted often have
Private relations with my Royall Syre
Had, as concerning beauteous *Amadine*,
Rich *Aragons* bright Jewell: whoſe face (ſome ſay)
That blooming Lillies never ſhone ſo gay:
Excelling, not excell'd; yet left Report
Does mangle Verity, boaſting of what is not
Wing'd with Deſire, thither Ile ſtraight repaire,
And be my fortunes as my thoughts are, faire.

Anſel. Will you forſake *Valentia*? leave the Court?

Abſent

Abſent you from the eye of Soveraignty,
Do not ſweet Prince, adventure on that taske,
Since danger lurks each where, be won from it.
Muc. Deſiſt diſſwaſion,
My reſolution brooks no battery,
Therefore if thou retaine thy wonted forme,
Aſſiſt what I intend.
Anſel. Your miſſe will breed a blemiſh in the Court,
And throw a froſty dew upon that beard,
Whoſe front *Valentia* ſtoops to.
Muc. If thou my welfare tender, then no more;
Let Loves ſtrong Magick charme thy triviall phraſe,
Waſted as vainly as to gripe the Sunne:
Augment not then more anſwer; lock thy lips,
Unleſſe thy wiſedome ſure me with diſguiſe,
According to my purpoſe.
Anſel. That action craves no counſel,
Since what you rightly are, will more command,
Than beſt uſurped ſhape.
Muc. Thou ſtill art oppoſite in diſpoſition.
A more obſcure ſervile habiliment
Beſeemes this enterpriſe.
Anſel. Then like a *Florentine* or *Mountebanke*.
Muc. 'Tis much too tedious, I diſlike thy judgement,
My minde is graſted on a humbler ſtock.
Anſel. Within my cloſet does there hang a Caſſock,
Though baſe the weed is, 'twas a Shepherds
Which I preſented in Lord *Julius* Maske.
Muc. That my *Anſelmo*, and none elſe but that,
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view:
That habite ſuits my minde, fetch me that weed.
Exit Anſelmo.
Better then Kings have not diſdain'd that ſtate,
And much inferiour, to obtaine their mate.
Enter Anſelmo with a ſhepherds coat.
So, let our reſpect command thy ſecrecie,
At once a brief farewell,
Delay to Lovers is a ſecond Hell. *Exit Mucedorus.*
Anſel.

Ansel. Prosperitie fore-runne thee: Aukward chance,
Never be neighbour to thy wishes venture,
Content and Fame advance thee: Ever thrive,
And glory thy mortality survive.

Enter Mouse with a bottle of hay.

Mouse. O horrible, terrible! Was ever poore Gentleman so scar'd out of his seven senses? A Beare? Nay sure it cannot be a Beare, but some Devil in a Beares doublet; for a Beare could never have had that agility to have frighted me. Well, Ile see my father hang'd before Ile serve his horse any more: Well, Ile carry home my bottle of hay, and for once make my fathers horse turne Puritane, and observe fasting dayes, for he gets not a bit. But soft, this way she followed me, therefore Ile take the other path, and because Ile be sure to have an eye to her, I will shake hands with some foolish Creditor, and make every step backward.

As he goes backward, the Beare comes in, and he tumbles over her, and runs away, and leaves his bottle of hay behinde him.

Enter Segasto running, and Amadine after him, being pursued with a Beare.

Seg. O flie Madam, flie, or else we are but dead.

Ama. Help *Segasto*, help, help sweet *Segasto*, or else I die.

Segasto runnes away.

Segast. Alas Madam there is no way but flight,
Then haste and save your self.

Ama. Why then I die. Ah help me in distresse.

Enter Mucedorus like a Shepherd, with a sword drawne, and a Beares head in his hand.

Muce. Stay Lady stay, and be no more dismaid,
That cruel beast, most mercilesse and fell,
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,
Prying from place to place to finde his pray,
Prolonging thus his life by others death:
His cathes now lies headlesse void of breath.

Ama. That foule deformed monster is he dead?

Muce. Assure your self thereof, behold his head.

Which if it please you Lady to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld it to your Majestie.

Ama. Thanks worthy Shepherd, thanks a thousand times,
This gift assure thy self contents me more
Than greatest bounty of a mighty Prince;
Although he were the Monarch of the world.

Muce. Most gracious Goddesse, more than mortall wight,
Your heavenly hue of right imports no lesse,
Most glad am I in that it was my chance
To undertake this enterprise in hand,
Which doth so greatly glad your princely minde.

Ama. No Goddesse (Shepherd) but a mortall wight,
A mortall wight distressed as thou seest;
My Father here is King of *Anaye*,
I *Amadine* his onely daughter am,
And after him sole heire unto the Crowne:
Now whereas it is my fathers will,
To marry me unto *Segasto*,
One whose wealth, through fathers former usury,
Is knowne to be no lesse then wonderfull:
We both of custome oftentimes did use,
(Leaving the Court) to walk within the fields
For recreation, especially the Spring,
In that it yeelds great store of rare delights:
And passing further then our wonted walkes,
Scarce entered within these luckelesse woods,
But right before us downe a steep-fall hill,
A monstrous ugly Beare did hye him fast
To meet us both: I faint to tell the rest:
Good Shepherd but suppose the ghastly looks,
The hideous fears, the hundred thousand woes
Which at this instant *Amadine* sustain'd.

Muce. Yet worthy Princesse let thy sorrow cease,
And let this sight your former joyes revive.

Ama. Beleeve me Shepherd, so it doth no lesse.

Muce. Long may they last unto your hearts content.
But tell me Lady, what is become of him
Segasto call'd: what is become of him?

Ama. I know not I that know the powers divine,
But God grant this, that sweet *Segast* live.

Muce. Yet hard hearted he in such a case,
So cowardly to save himself by flight,
And leave so brave a Princesse to the spoile.

Ama. Well Shepherd for thy frowny valour tried,
Endangering thy self to set me free,
Unrecompensed sure thou shalt not be:
In Court thy courage shall be plainely knowne,
Throughout the Kingdome will I spread thy name,
To thy renowne and never dying fame,
And that thy courage may be better known,
Beare thou the head of this most monstrous beast
In open sight to every courtiers view,
So will the King my father thee reward.
Come let's away and guard me to the Court.

Muce. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Enter Segasto solus.

Segast. When heapes of harmes do thower over head,
'Tis time as then (some say) to looke about,
And of ensuing harmes to chuse the least,
But hard, yea hapless is that wretches chance,
Luckless his lot, and caitiffe-like accurst,
At whose proceedings Fortune ever frownes:
My self I meane, most subject unto thrall;
For I, the more I seeke to shun the worst,
The more by proof I finde my self accurst,
Ere whiles assaulted with an ugly Beare
Faire *Amadine* in company all alone,
Forwith by flight I thought to save my self,
Leaving my *Amadine* unto her shifts:
For death it was for to resist the Beare,
And death no lesse of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accurst I, in lingring life thus long:
In living thus, each minute of an houre
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thousand deaths.
If she by flight her fury doth escape,
What will she thinke?

Will she not lay, yea flatly to my face,
Accusing me of meere disloyalty:
A trusty friend is tride in time of need:
But I, when she in danger was of death,
And needed me, and cry'd, *Segasts* help,
I turn'd my back and quickly ran away,
Unworthy I to beare this vitall breath;
But what, what needs these plaints?
If *Amadine* doe live, then happy I,
She will in time forgive, and so forget:
Amadine is mercifull, not *Time* like,
In harmefull hearts to harbour hatred long.

Enter Mahomet, the Clown running, bring Clubs.

Mon. Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforks, Bills. Oh helpe,
A Beare, a Beare, a Beare.

Seg. Still Bears, nothing but Bears.
Tell me sirra where she is.

Clow. O sir she is runne downe the woods,
I saw her white head, and her white belly.

Segast Thou talkst of wonders to tell me of white Beares.
But sirra, didst thou ever see any such?

Clow. No faith, I never saw any such:
But I remember my fathers words,
He bade me take heed I was not caught with a white Beare.

Segast A lamentable tale, no doubt.

Clow. Ile tell you what sir, as I was going a field to serve my fathers great horse, and carried a bottle of hay upon my head: Now do you see sir, I fast hoodwincke that I should see nothing, I perceiving the Beare coming, I threw my hay into the hedge, and ran away.

Segast. What, from nothing?

Clow. I warrant you yes, I saw something: for there was two load of thornes besides my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Segast. But tell me sirra; the Beare that thou didst see,
Did she not beare a bucket on her arme?

Clow. Ha, ha, ha, I never saw a Beare go a milking in all my life. But harke you sir, I did not looke so high as her arme, I saw nothing but her white head, and her white belly,

Segast.

Segaſt. But tell me ſirra; where doſt thou dwell?

Clow. Why, doe you not know me?

Segaſt. Why no, how ſhould I know thee?

Clow. Why then you know no body, and you know not me: I tell you ſir, I am goodman Rats ſonne of the next pariſh over the hill.

Segaſt. Goodman Rats ſonne, whats thy name?

Clow. Why I am very neere kin unto him.

Segaſt. I thinke ſo, but whats thy name?

Clow. My name? I have a very pretty name. Ile tell you what my name is, My name is *Mouſe*?

Segaſt. What plaine *Mouſe*?

Clow. I plaine *Mouſe* without either welt or gard. But do you heare ſir, I am a very young *Mouſe*, for my taile is ſcarce grown out yet: looke here elſe.

Segaſt. But I pray you who gave you that name?

Clow. Faith ſir I know not that, but if you would faine know, aſk my fathers great horſe, for he hath been half a yeare longer with my father than I have been.

Segaſt. This ſeems to be a merry fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me:
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde:
A merry man a merry maſter makes.
How ſayſt thou ſirra, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clow. Nay ſoft ſir, two words to a bargaine. Pray what Occupation are you?

Segaſt. No Occupation, I live upon my lands.

Clow. Your lands? away, you are no maſter for me. Why do you think that I am ſo mad to go ſeek my living in the lands among the ſtones, bryers and buſhes, and teare my holiday apparell? not I by your leave.

Segaſt. Why I do not mean thou ſhall. *Clow.* How then?

Segaſt. Why thou ſhalt be my man, and wait on me at Court.

Clow. Whats that? *Segaſt.* Where the King lies.

Clow. What is that King, a man or a woman?

Segaſt. A man as thou art.

Clow. As I am: Harke you ſir, pray you what kin is he to goodman King of our pariſh the Church-warden?

Segaſt.

Segast. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole Land.

Clow. King of the whole Land, I never saw him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwel with me, thou shalt see him every day.

Clo. Shall I go home againe to be torn in pieces with Bears? No not I, I will go home and put on a clean shirt, and then go drown my self.

Segast. Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me, thou shalt want nothing.

Clow. Shall I not? then here's my hand Ile dwell with you: And harke you sir, now you have entertained me, Ile tell you what I can do, I can keep my tongue from picking and stealing, and my hands from lying and slandering, I warrant you as well as ever you had any man in your life.

Segast. Now will I to Court with sorrowfull heart rounded with doubts: If *Amadine* do liue, then happy I; yea, happy I if *Amadine* do live.

Enter the King with a young prisoner, Amadine, Tremelio, with Collin and Counsellers.

King. Now brave Lords, our warres are brought to end,
Our foes the foile, and we in safety rest,
It us behoves to use such clemency in peace,
As valour in the warres:
'Tis as great honour to be bountifull at home,
As conquerours in the field.
Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and our Countries safeguard,
We are dispos'd in Marriage for to give
Our Daughter unto Lord *Segasto* here,
Who shall succeed the Diademe after me,
And reigne hereafter, as I tofore have done,
Your sole and lawfull King of *Aragon*.
What say you Lordlings, like you of my advice?

Col. An't please your Majestie, we do not onely allow of your Highnesse pleasure, but also vow faithfully in what we may, to further it.

King Thanks good my Lords, if long *Adrastus* live,
e will at full requite your courtesies.
Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

Take unto thee the *Catelone* a Prince,
Lately our prisoner taken in the warres:
Be thou his keeper, his ransome shall be thine;
Wee'll thinke of it when leasure shall afford:
Meane while do use him well, his father is a King.

Tre. Thanks to your Majestie, his usage shall be such,
As he thereat shall have no cause to grutch. *Exit.*

King. Then march we on to Court, and rest our wearied limbs.
But *Collin*, I have a tale in secret fit for thee;
When thou shalt heare a watch-word from thy King,
Thinke then some weighty matter is at hand,
That highly shall concerne our state:
Then *Collin* look thou be not farre from me,
And for thy service thou tofore-hast done,
Thy truth and valour prov'd in every point,
I shall with bounties thee inlarge therefore:
So guard us to the Court.

Coll. What so my Soveraigne doth command, me do,
With willing minde I gladly yeeld consent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto, and the Clowne, with weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me sirra, how do you like your weapons?

Clow. O very well, very well, they keep my sides warme.

Seg. They keep the dogs from your shins well, do they not?

Clow. How keep the dogs from my shins? I would scorne but my shins should keep the dogs from them.

Segast. Well sirra, leaving idle talke, tell me,
Dost thou know Captaine *Tremelios* chamber?

Clow. I very well, it hath a doore.

Segast. I thinke so, for so hath every chambe.
But dost thou know the man?

Clow. I forsooth, he hath a nose on his face.

Seg. Why so hath every one. *Clo.* That's more then I know.

Seg. But dost thou remember the Captaine that was here with the King, that brought the young Prince prisoner?

Clow. O very well.

Segast. Go to him, and bid him come unto me;
Tell him I have a matter in secret to impart to him.

Clow. I will Master, what's his name?

Segast.

Segaſt. Why Captaine *Tremelio*,

Clow. O, the meal-man: I know him very well,
He brings meal every Saturday. But harke you Maſter,
Muſt I bid him come to you, or muſt you come to him?

Segaſt. No ſirra, he muſt come to me.

Clow. Hearke you Maſter, if he be not at home,
What ſhall I do then?

Segaſt. Why then leave word with ſome of his folks,

Clow. O Maſter if there be no body within,
I will leave word with his dogge.

Segaſt. Why can his dog ſpeake?

Clow. I cannot tell, Wherefore doth he keep his chamber elſe?

Segaſt. To keep out ſuch knaves as thou art.

Clow. Nay by Lady, then go your ſelfe.

Segaſt. You will go ſir, will you not?

Clow. Yes marry will I. O 'tis come to my head:
And he be not within, Ile bring his chamber to you.

Segaſt. What, will you pluck down the Kings houſe?

Clow. Nay by Lady, Ile know the price of it firſt.
Maſter, it is ſuch a hard name I have forgotten it againe:
I pray you tell me his name.

Segaſt. I tell thee, Captaine *Tremelio*.

Clow. O Captaine treble knave, Captaine treble knave.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now ſirra, doſt call me?

Clow. You muſt come to my maſter, Captaine treble knave.

Tre. My Lord *Segaſto* did you ſend for me?

Segaſt. I did *Tremelio*. Sirra about your buſineſſe.

Clow. I marry, what's that, can you tell?

Segaſt. No not well.

Clow. Marry then I can, ſtraight to the Kitchin-dreſſer to *John* the Cooke, and get me a good piece of Beef and Brewis, and then to the Buttery hatch to *Thomas* the Butler for a Jack of Beere: and there for an houre Ile ſo belabour my ſelfe, and therefore I pray you call me not till you thinke I have done, I pray you good Maſter. *Exit.*

Segaſt. Well Sir, away.

Tremelio. This it is, thou knoweſt the valour of *Segaſto*.

Spread

Spread through all the kingdome of *Aragon*,
And ſuch as have found triumph and favours,
Never daunted at any time: but now a Shepherd,
Admired in Court for worthineſſe,
And *Segaſtoes* honour laid aſide:
My will therefore is this, that thou doſt finde ſome meanes to worke the Shepherds death: I know thy ſtrength ſufficient to performe my deſire, and to love no otherwiſe than to revenge my injuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a Shepherd that *Tremelio* fears:
Therefore account it accompliſh'd what I take in hand.

Segaſt. Thanks good *Tremelio*, and aſſure thy ſelf,
What I promiſe, that I will performe.

Tre. Thanks good my Lord: And in good time,
See where he commeth; ſtand by a while,
And you ſhall ſee me put in practiſe your intended drift.
Have at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muce. Vild Coward, ſo without cauſe to ſtrike a man;
Turne Coward turne: now ſtrike and do thy worſt.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Segaſt. Hold Shepherd hold, ſpare him, kill him not:
Accurſed villaine, tell me, what haſt thou done?
Ah *Tremelio*, Truſty *Tremelio*, I ſorrow for thy death,
And ſince that thou living didſt prove faithfull to *Segaſto*,
So *Segaſto* now living will honour the dead
Corps of *Tremelio* with revenge.
Bloud-thirſtie villaine, borne and bred in mercileſſe murder,
Tell me, how durſt thou be ſo bold,
As once to lay thy hands upon the leaſt of mine?
Aſſure thy ſelf, thou ſhalt be us'd according to the Law.

Muce. Segaſto ceaſe, theſe threats are needleſſe,
Accuſe me not of murder, that have done nothing
But in mine own defence.

Segaſt. Nay Shepherd, reaſon not with me,
Ile manifeſt thy fact unto the King:
Whoſe doome will be thy death, as thou deſerv'ſt.
What hoe: *Mouſe* come away.

Enter Mouſe.

Clow. Why how now? what's the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Segaſt. Come help away with my friend.

Clow Why, is he drunke? can he not ſtand on his feet?

Segaſt. No he is not drunke, he is ſlaine.

Clow. Slaine? No by Lady he is not ſlaine.

Segaſt. He's kill'd, I tell thee. (no longer.

Clow. What do you uſe to kill your friends? I will ſerve you

Segaſt. I tell thee the Shepherd kill'd him.

Clow. O did he ſo? But Maſter, I will have all his apparell if I carry him away. *Segaſt.* Why ſo thou ſhalt.

Clow. Come then I will help: Maſſe Maſter I think his mother ſung loobie to him, he is ſo heavie. *Exeunt.*

Muce. Behold the fickle ſtate of man, alwayes mutable, never at one.
Sometime we feed our fancies with the ſweet of our deſires:
Sometimes againe, we feele the heat of extreme miſeries.
Now am I in favour about the Court and Countrey,
To morrow thoſe favours will turne to frownes.
To day I live revenged on my foe,
To morrow I die, my foe revenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo a wilde man.

Bremo. No paſſenger this morning? what not one?
A chance that ſeldome doth befall,
What, not one? Then lie thou there,
And reſt thy ſelf till I have further need:
Now *Bremo* ſith thy leaſure ſo affords,
An endleſſe thing, who knowes not *Bremoes* ſtrength,
Who like a King commands within theſe woods?
The Beare, the Boare dare not abide his ſight,
But haſte away to ſave themſelves by flight.
The Chryſtall waters in the bubling brooks,
When I come by do ſwiftly ſlide away,
And claps themſelves in cloſets under banks,
Afraid to look bold *Bremo* in the face.
The aged Oaks at *Bremoes* breath do bow,
And all things elſe are ſtill at my command.

Elſe

Elſe what would I?
Rend them in pieces, and pluck them from the earth,
And each way elſe I would revenge my ſelf.
Why, who comes here? with whom dare I not fight?
Who fights with me and doth not die the death? Not one,
What favour ſhews this ſturdy ſtick to thoſe
That here within theſe woods are combatants with me?
Why death, and nothing elſe but preſent death.
With reſtleſſe rage I wander thorow theſe woods,
No creature here, but feareth *Bremoes* force:
Man, woman, child, beaſt and bird,
And every thing that doth approach my ſight,
Are forſt to fall, if *Bremo* once do frowne.
Come, Cudgel come, my partner in my ſpoiles:
For here I ſee this day it will not be,
But when it falls that I encounter any,
One pat ſufficeth for to work my will.
What, comes not one? then lets be gone,
A time will ſerve when we ſhall better ſpeed. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Segaſto, the Shepherd, & the Clown, with others.

King. Shepherd, thou haſt heard thine accuſers,
Murther is laid to thy charge:
What canſt thou ſay? thou haſt deſerved death.

Muce. Dread Soveraigne, I muſt needs confeſſe,
I ſlew this Captaine in mine own defence,
Not of any malice, but by chance:
But mine accuſer hath a further meaning.

Segaſt. Words will not here prevail,
I ſeek for juſtice, and juſtice craves his death.

King. Shepherd, thine own confeſsion hath condemned thee;
Sirra take him away, and do him to execution ſtraight.

Clo. So he ſhall, I warrant him:
But do you heare maſter King? he is kin to a Monke,
His neck is bigger than his head.

Seg. Come ſirra away with him;
And hang him about the middle.

Clo. Yes forſooth, I warrant you, come you ſirra:
A, ſo like a ſheep-biter a looks.

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And hang him about the middle.
Clo. Yes forſooth, I warrant you, come you ſirra:
A, ſo like a ſheep-biter a looks,

Enter Amadine and a Boy with a Beares head.

Ama. Dread Soveraigne, and welbeloved ſire,
On bended knee I crave the life of this condemned Shepherd,
which heretofore preſerved the life of thy ſometime diſtreſſed
daughter.

King. Preſerved the life of my ſometime diſtreſſed daughter!
How can that be? I never knew the time
Wherein was thou diſtreſt: I never knew the day,
But that I have maintained thy eſtate,
As beſt beſeem'd the daughter of a King.
I never ſaw the Shepherd untill now.
How comes it then that he preſerv'd thy life?

Ama. Once walking with *Segaſto* in the woods,
Further than our accuſtomed manner was,
Right before us downe a ſteep-fall hill,
A monſtrous ugly Beare did hie him faſt
To meet us both: now whether this be true,
I referre it to the credit of *Segaſto*.

Seg. Moſt true an't like your Majeſtie. *King.* How then?

Ama. The Beare being eager to obtaine his prey,
Made forward to us with an open mouth,
As if he meant to ſwallow us both at once:
The ſight whereof did make us both to dread;
But ſpecially your daughter *Amadine*,
Who, for I ſaw no ſuccour incident
But in *Segaſtoes* valour, I grew deſperate:
And he moſt coward-like began to flye,
Left me diſtreſt to be devour'd of him,
How ſay you *Segaſto*, is it not true?

King. His ſilence verifies it to be true: what then?

Ama. Then I amaz'd diſtreſſed all alone,
Did hie me faſt to ſcape that ugly Beare,
But all in vaine; for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft eſcape his pawes,
Till at the length this Shepherd came,
And brought to me his head. (Majeſtie,
Come hither boy, lo here it is, which I do preſent unto your

King. The ſlaughter of this Beare deſerves great fame.

Segaſt.

Segaſt. The ſlaughter of a man deſerves great blame.
King. Indeed occaſion oftentimes ſo falls out.
Segaſt. Tremelio in the warres (O King) preſerved thee,
Ama. The ſhepherd in the woods (O King) preſerved me.
Segaſt. Tremelio fought when many men did yeeld,
Ama. So would the ſhepherd had he been in field.
Clow. So would my maſter, had he not run away.
Segaſt. Tremelio's force ſav'd thouſands from the foe.
Ama. The Shepherds force hath many thouſands moe.
Clow. Aye Shipſticks nothing elſe.
King. Segaſto ceaſe to accuſe the Shepherd,
His worthineſſe deſerves a recompenſe;
All we are bound to do the Shepherd good.
Shepherd, whereas it was my ſentence thou ſhouldſt die,
So ſhall my ſentence ſtand, for thou ſhalt die.
Segaſt. Thanks to your Majeſtie.
King. But ſoft *Segaſto*, not for this offence:
Long maiſt thou live; and when the Siſters ſhall decree,
To cut in twaine the twiſted threed of life,
Then let him die, for this I ſet him free,
And for thy valour I will honour thee.
Ama. Thanks to your Majeſtie.
King. Come daughter let us now depart to honour the worthy valour of the Shepherd, with our rewards. *Exeunt.*
Clow. O Maſter heare you, you have made a freſh hand now,
I thought you would beſhrow you: what will you do now?
You have loſt me a good occupation by this meanes:
Faith Maſter now I cannot hang the ſhepherd,
I pray you let me take paines to hang you,
It is but half an houres exerciſe.
Segaſt. You are ſtill in your knavery:
But ſith I cannot have his life,
I will procure his baniſhment for ever. Come on ſirra.
Clow. Yes forſooth, I come. Laugh at him I pray you, *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muce. From *Amadine*, and from her Fathers Court,
With gold and ſilver, and with rich rewards,
Flowing from the banks of gold and treaſures;

More may I boaſt and ſay: but I
Was never Shepherd in ſuch dignitie.

Enter the Meſſenger and the Clowne.

Meſ. All haile worthy Shepherd.

Clo. All raine louſie Shepherd.

Muce. Welcome my friends, from whence come you?

Meſ. The King and *Amadine* greet thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court;
Shepherd be gone.

Clow. Shepherd take law-legs, fly away Shepherd.

Muce. Whoſe words are theſe? came theſe from *Amadine*?

Meſ. I from *Amadine.* *Clow.* Aye from *Amadine.*

Muce. Ah luckleſſe fortune, worſe then *Phaetons* tale,
My former bliſſe is now become my bale.

Clow. What, wilt thou poyſon thy ſelfe?

Muce. My former heaven is now become my hell.

Clo. The worſt Ale-houſe that ever I came in, in all my life.

Muce. What ſhall I doe?

Clow. Even go hang thy ſelfe.

Muce. Can *Amadine* ſo churliſhly command,
To baniſh the Shepherd from her fathers Court?

Meſ. What ſhould Shepherds do in the Court?

Clow. What ſhould Shepherds do among us:
Have not we Lords enough on us in the Court?

Muce. Why, Shepherds are men, and Kings are no more.

Meſ. Shepherds are men, and maſters over their flocks.

Clow. That's a lie, who payes them their wages then?

Meſ. Well, you are alwayes interrupting of me:
But you were beſt to looke to him, leſt you hang for him when he is gone. *Exit.*

The Clowne ſings.

Clow. And you ſhall hang for company,
For leaving me alone.
Shepherd ſtand forth and heare my ſentence.
Shepherd be gone within three dayes in pain of my diſpleaſure,
Shepherd be gone, Shepherd be gone, be gone, be gone, be gone.
Shepherd, Shepherd, Shepherd.

Muce. And muſt I goe? and muſt I needs depart?

Ye goodly Groves partakers of my ſongs,
In time before when fortune did not frowne,
Powre forth your plaints, and waile a while with me:
And thou bright Sunne, the comfort of my cold,
Hide, hide thy face, and leave me comfortleſſe:
Yee wholeſome herbs, and ſweet ſmelling ſavours;
Yea each thing elſe prolonging life of man,
Change, change your wonted courſe,
That I wanting your aid, in wofull ſort may die.

Enter Amadine and Ariena her maid.

Ama. Ariena, if any body ask for me,
Make ſome excuſe till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segaſto* call?

Ama. Do you the like to him, I mean not to ſtay long. *Exit.*

Muce. This voice ſo ſweet my pining ſpirits revives.

Ama. Shepherd well met, tell me how thou doſt.

Muc. I linger life, yet wiſh for ſpeedy death.

Ama. Shepherd although thy baniſhment already be decreed, and all againſt my will, yet *Amadine*——

Muce. Ah *Amadine*, to heare of baniſhment, is death:
I double death to me: but ſince I muſt depart, one thing I crave.

Ama. Say on with all my heart.

Muce. That in abſence either farre or neare,
You honour me as ſervant to your name.

Ama. Not ſo. *Muc.* And why?

Ama. I honour thee as Soveraigne of my heart.

Muc. A Shepherd and a Soveraigne, nothing like.

Ama. Yet like enough, where there is no diſlike.

Muce. Yet great diſlike, or elſe no baniſhment.

Ama. Shepherd it is only *Segaſto* that procures thy baniſhment.

Muce. Unworthy wights are more in jealouſie.

Ama. Would God they would free thee from baniſhment,
Or likewiſe baniſh me.

Muce. Amen I ſay to have your company.

Ama. Well Shepherd, ſith thou ſuffereſt thus for my ſake,
With thee in exile alſo let me live,
On this condition Shepherd thou canſt love.

Muce. No longer love, no longer let me live.

Ama.

Ama. Of late I loved one indeed, but now I love none but on-
Mu. Thanks worthy Princesse: I burne likewise, (ly thee,
Yet smother up the blast:
I dare not promise what I may performe.
Ama. Well Shepherd, harke what I shall say,
I will returne unto my fathers Court,
There for to provide me of such necessaries
As for my journey I shall thinke most fit:
This being done, I will returne to thee;
Doe thou therefore appoint the place
Where we may meet.
Muce. Downe in the valley where I slew the Beare,
And there doth grow a faire broad branched Beech
That overshades a well, so who comes first,
Let them abide the happy meeting of us both.
How like you this? *Ama.* I like it well.
Muce. Now if you please, you may appoint the time.
Ama. Full three houres hence, God willing I will returne.
Muce. The thanks that *Paris* gave the Grecian Queene,
The like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.
Ama. Then *Mucedorus* for three houres farewell. *Exit.*
Muce. Your departure Lady breeds a privy paine. *Exit.*

Enter Segasto solus.

Segast. 'Tis well *Segasto*, that thou hast thy will:
Should such a Shepherd, such a simple Swaine as he,
Eclips thy credit, famous thorow the Court?
No, ply *Segasto* ply, let it not in *Aragon* be said,
A Shepherd hath *Segastoes* honour won.

Enter Mouse the Clowne calling his Master.

Clow. What, hoe Master, will you come away?
Segast. Will you come hither, I pray you, what is the matter?
Clow. Why, is it not past eleven of the clock?
Seg. How then sir?
Clow. I pray you come away to dinner.
Seg. I pray you come hither.
Clow. Here's such a do with you, will you never come?
Seg. I pray you sir, what news of the message I sent you about
Clow. I tell you all the messes be on the Table alreadie.

There

There wants not ſo much as a meſſe of Muſtard, halfe an houre

Seg. Come ſir, your minde is all upon your belly, *Cagoe.* You have forgotten what I bid you doe.

Clo. Faith, I know nothing, but you bade me go to breakfaſt.

Seg. Was that all?

Clo. Faith I have forgotten it, the very ſcent of the meat hath made me forget it quite.

Seg. You have forgot the arrand I bid you doe.

Clo. What arrand, an arrant knave, or an arrant whore?

Se. Why thou knave, did I not bid thee baniſh the ſhepherd

Clo. O the ſhepherds baſtard.

Seg. I tell thee the ſhepherds baniſhment.

Clow. I tell you the ſhepherds Baſtard ſhall be well kept, Ile looke to it my ſelf: but I pray you come away to dinner.

Seg. Then you will not tell me whether you have baniſhed him or no?

Clo. Why I cannot ſay baniſhment if you would give me a thouſand pounds to ſay ſo.

Seg. Why you whoreſon ſlave, have you forgotten that I ſent you and another to drive away the ſhepherd?

Clo. What an Aſſe are you? here's a ſtirre indeed: Here's Meſſage, Arrant, Baniſhment, and I cannot tell what.

Seg. I pray you ſir, ſhall I know whether you have drove him away?

Clo. Faith I thinke I have, and you will not beleeve me, aske my ſtaffe.

Seg. Why can thy ſtaffe tell?

Clo. Why he was with me too.

Seg. Then happy I that have obtain'd my will.

Clow. And happier I if you would go to dinner.

Seg. Come ſirra, follow me.

Clo. I warrant you, I will not loſe an inch of you now you are going to dinner: I promiſe you I thought it ſeven years before I could get him away.

Enter Amadine ſola.

Ama. God grant my long delay procure no harme,
Nor this my tarrying fruſtrate my pretence:
My *Mucedorus* ſurely ſtayes for me,

And thinkes me over-long, at length I come,
My preſent promiſe to performe:
Ah what a thing is firme unfained love!
What is it which true love dares not attempt?
My father he may make, but I muſt match:
Segaſto loves, but *Amadine* muſt like
Where likes her beſt: compulſion is a thrall;
No, no, the hearty choice is all in all.
The Shepherds vertue *Amadine* eſteemes,
But what? me thinks the Shepherd is not come;
I muſe at that, the houre is at hand ——
Well here Ile reſt till *Mucedorus* come. *She lies down.*

Enter Bremo looking about haſtily, takes hold on her.

Bre. A happy prey: now *Bremo* feed on fleſh:
Dainties *Bremo*, dainties thy hungrie paunch to fill;
Now glut thy greedy guts with luck-warme bloud:
Come fight with me, I long to ſee thee dead.

Ama. How can ſhe fight that weapons cannot weild?

Bre. What? canſt not fight? then lie thee downe and die.

Ama. What, muſt I die?

Bre. What needs theſe words? I thirſt to ſuck thy bloud.

Ama. Yet pity me, and let me live a while.

Bre. No pity I, Ile feed upon thy fleſh,
And teare thy body peece-meale joynt by joynt.

Ama. Ah, now I want my Shepherds company.

Bre. Ile cruſh thy bones between two Oaken trees.

Ama. Haſte Shepherd, haſte, or elſe thou com'ſt too late.

Bre. Ile ſuck the ſweetneſſe from thy marrow-bones.

Ama. Ah ſpare, ah ſpare to ſhed my guiltleſſe bloud.

Bre. With this my Bat I will beat out thy braines:
Downe, downe, I ſay, proſtrate thy ſelf upon the ground.

Ama. Then *Mucedorus* farewell; my hoped joyes farewell;
Yea farewell life, and welcome preſent death; *She kneeles.*
To thee, O God, I yeeld my dying ghoſt.

Bre. Now *Bremo* play thy part.
How now? what ſudden chance is this?
My limbes doe tremble, and my ſinewes ſhake,

My

My unweakened armes have loſt their former force:
Ah *Bremo, Bremo*, what a foil hadſt thou,
That yet at no time was afraid,
To dare the greateſt Gods to fight with thee, *He ſtrikes.*
And now wants ſtrength for one downe driving blow?
Ah how my courage failes when I ſhould ſtrike,
Some new-come ſpirit abiding in my breaſt,
Saith, Spare her *Bremo*, ſpare her, doe not kill:
Shall I ſpare her that never ſpared any?
To it *Bremo*, to it; ſay againe,
I cannot weild my weapons in my hand,
Me thinkes I ſhould not ſtrike ſo faire a one:
I thinke her beauty hath bewitcht my force,
Or elſe with me altred natures courſe.
Ay woman, wilt thou live in woods with me?

Ama. Faine would I live, yet loth to live in woods.

Bre. Thou ſhalt not chooſe, it ſhall be as I ſay,
And therefore follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muce. It was my will an houre agoe and more,
As was my promiſe, for to make returne;
But other buſineſſe hindred my pretence.
It is a world to ſee, when men appoints,
And purpoſely one certaine thing decrees,
How many things may hinder his intent:
What one would wiſh the ſame is fartheſt off,
But yet th'appointed time cannot be paſt,
Nor hath her preſence yet prevented me:
Well here Ile ſtay and expect her comming.

They cry within, Hold him, hold him.

Some one or other is purſude no doubt,
Perhaps ſome ſearch for me, 'tis good to doubt the worſt:
Therefore Ile be gone. *Exit.*

Cry within, Hold him, hold him: Enter Mouſe the Clowne with a Pot.

Clo. Hold him, hold him, hold him: here's a ſtir indeed: here came hue after the cryer; & I was ſet cloſe at mother *Nips*

houſe, and there I call'd for three pots of Ale, as 'tis the manner of us Courtiers: Now ſirrah, I had taken the maiden-head of two of them, and as I was lifting up the third to my mouth, there came, Hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on, but I am ſure I caught one, perchance he may be in this pot: Well Ile ſee, maſſe I cannot ſee him yet: well Ile looke a little further; maſſe he is a little ſlave if he be here; why here's no body; all this is well yet. But if the old Trot ſhould come for her pot, I marry there's the matter: but I care not, Ile face her out, and call her old ruſty, duſty, muſty, fuſty, cruſty Fire-brand, and worſe then all that, and ſo face her out of her pot: but ſoft here ſhe comes.

Enter the old woman.

Old. Come you knave, where's my pot you knave?

Clo. Goe looke your pot, come not to me for your pot, 'twere good for you.

Old. Thou lieſt thou knave, thou haſt my pot.

Clo. You lie and you ſay it, I your pot? Ile know what Ile ſay.

Old. What wilt thou ſay?

Clo. But ſay I have it and thou dareſt.

Old. Why thou knave thou haſt not onely my pot, but my drinke unpaid for.

Clo You lie like an old: I will not ſay whore.

Old. Doſt call me whore? Ile cap thee for my pot.

Clo. Cap me and thou dareſt:
Search me whether I have it or no.

She ſearcheth him, and he drinketh over her head, and caſteth the pot, ſhe ſtumbleth at it, and then they fall together by the eares: ſhe takes up her pot and runnes out.

Enter Segaſto.

Seg. How now ſirra, what's the matter?

Clo. O flies Maſter flies.

Seg. Flies, where are they?

Clo. O here Maſter, all about your face.

Seg. Why thou lieſt, I thinke thou art mad.

Clo. Why maſter I have kill'd a dungcart full at the leaſt.

Seg. Go to ſirra, leave this idle talke, give eare to me.

Clo. How, give you one of my eares?

Not

Not an you were ten maſters,

Seg. Why ſir, I pray you give eare to my words.

Clo. I tell you I will no be made a Curtall for no mans plea-ſure.

Seg. I tell thee attend what I ſay,

Goe thy way ſtrait and reare the whole towne.

Clo. How, reare the whole towne? even goe your ſelfe, it is more than I can doe: Why do you thinke I can reare a towne, that can ſcarce reare a pot of Ale to my head,

I ſhould reare a towne, ſhould I not?

Seg. Goe to the Conſtable and make a privie ſearch,

For the Shepherd is runne away with the Kings daughter,

Clo. How, is the Shepherd run away with the Kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter runne away with the Shepherd.

Seg. I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

Clo. What a foole is ſhe to runne away with the Shepherd; why I thinke I am a little handſomer man than the ſhepherd my ſelfe: but tell me Maſter, muſt I make a privie ſearch, or ſearch in the privie.

Seg. Why doeſt thou thinke they will be there?

Clo. I cannot tell.

Seg. Well then ſearch every where,

Leave no place unſearcht for them.

Clo. Oh now I am in office: now will I to that old firebrands houſe, and will not leave one place unſearched: Nay Ile to the Ale-ſtand, and drinke ſo long as I can ſtand; and when I have done, Ile let out all the reſt, to ſee if he be not hid in the Barrell; and I find him not there, Ile to the Cupbord, Ile not leave one corner of her houſe unſearcht, ifaith ye old Cruſt, Ile bee with you now. *Exit.*

Sound Muſicke.

Enter the King of Valentia, Anſelmo, Roderigo, Lord Barachius, with others.

King Val. Enough of muſicke, it but addes to torment,

Delights to vexed ſpirits are as dates

Set to a ſicke man, which rather cloy than comfort:

Let me intreat you to intreat no more *Muſicke ceaſeth.*

Rod. Let your ſtrings ſleep, have done there.

King Val. Mirth to a ſoule diſturb'd, are Embers turn'd,

Which

Which ſuddaine gleame with moleſtation,
But ſooner looſe their ſight for't:
'Tis gold beſtow'd upon a Rioter,
Which not relieves but murthers him:
'Tis a drugge given to the healthfull,
Which infects, not cures.
How can a Father that hath loſt his Sonne,
A Prince both wiſe, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleaſure in the idle acts of Time?
No, no, till *Mucedorus* I ſhall ſee againe,
All joy is comfortleſſe, all pleaſure paine.
Anſ. Your ſonne (my Lord) is well.
King Val. I prethee ſpeake that thrice.
Anſ. The Prince your Sonne is ſafe.
King Val. O where *Anſelmo?* ſurſet me with that.
Anſ. In *Aragon* my Liege, and at his parting,
Bound my ſecrecie
By his affections love not to diſcloſe it;
But care of him, and pity of your age
Makes my tongue blab what my breaſt vow'd, concealement.
King Val. Thou not deceiv'ſt me,
I ever thought thee what I finde thee now,
An upright loyall man.
But what deſire, or young-fed humor
Nurſt within his braine,
Drew him ſo privately to *Aragon*?
Anſ. A forcing Adamant,
Love mixt with feare, and doubtfull jealouſie,
Whether report gilded a worthleſſe Trunke,
Or *Amadine* deſerv'd her high extolment.
King Val. See our proviſion be in readineſſe,
Collect us followers of the comlieſt hue,
For our chiefe guardians, we will thither wend;
The Chryſtall eye of Heaven ſhall not thrice winke,
Nor the greene Floud ſix times his ſhoulders turne,
Till we ſalute the *Aragonian* King.
Muſicke ſpeake loudly now, the ſeaſon's apt,
For former dolours are in pleaſures wrapt. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Mucedorus to diſguiſe himſelfe.

Muce. Now *Mucedorus* whither wilt thou goe?
Home to thy father to thy native ſoile,
Or trye ſome long abode within theſe woods?
Well, I will hence depart, and hie me home:
What? hie me home, ſaid I? that may not be:
In *Amadine* reſts my felicitie.
Then *Mucedorus* doe as thou didſt decree,
Attire thee Hermite-like within theſe Groves,
Walke often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make ſettles there, and ſeat thy ſelfe thereon
And when thou feel'ſt thy ſelfe to be a thirſt,
Then drinke a hearty draught to *Amadine*:
No doubt ſhe thinkes on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee at this Well.
Come habit thou art fit for me: *He diſguiſeth himſelfe.*
No Shepherd now, I an Hermite muſt be:
Me thinkes this fits me very well;
Now muſt I learne to beare a walking ſtaffe,
And exerciſe ſome gravity withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clow. Here's thorow the woods, and thorow the woods,
To looke out a Shepherd, and a ſtray Kings daughter:
But ſoft, who have we here? what art thou?

Muce. I am an Hermite.

Clo. An Emmet? I never ſaw ſuch a big Emmet in all my life before.

Muce. I tell you ſir, I am an Hermite;
One that leads a ſolitary life within theſe woods.

Clow. O I know thee now; thou art he that eats up all the hippes and hawes: wee could not have one peece of fat Bacon for thee all this yeare.

Muce. Thou doſt miſtake me:
But I pray thee tell me, whom doſt thou ſeeke in theſe woods?

Clow. What doe I ſeeke? for a ſtray Kings daughter,
Run away with a Shepherd.

Muce. A ſtray Kings daughter, run away with a Shepherd,
Wherefore? canſt thou tell?

Clow.

Clo. Yes that I can, 'tis this: my Maſter and *Amadine* walking one day abroad, neerer theſe woods than they were uſed (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes running a great Beare. Now my Maſter plaid the man, and ran away, and *Amadine* crying after him: now ſir, comes me a ſhepherd, and he ſtrikes off the Beares head, now whether the Beare were dead before or no I cannot tell, for bring twenty Beares before me, and binde their hands and feet, and Ile kill them all: now ever ſince *Amadine* hath beene in love with the ſhepherd, and for good will ſhe's even run away with the ſhepherd. (to me?

Mu. What manner of man was he? canſt thou deſcribe him un-

Clo. Scribe him, ay I warrant you that I can; a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, bigge, well favoured fellow, a jerkin of white cloth, and buttons of the ſame cloth.

Muce. Thou deſcribeſt him well, but if I chance to ſee any ſuch, pray you where ſhall I finde you, or what's your name?

Clo. My name is called Maſter *Mouſe.*

Muce. O Maſter *Mouſe*, I pray you what office might you beare in the Court?

Clo. Marry ſir, I am Ruſher of the ſtable.

Muce. Oh, Uſher of the Table.

Clo. Nay I ſay Ruſher, and Ile prove mine office good: for looke you ſir, when any comes from under the ſea or ſo, and a dogge chance to blow his noſe backward, then with a whip I give him the good time of the day, and ſtrow Ruſhes preſently, therefore I am a Ruſher: a high office I promiſe ye.

Muce. But where ſhall I finde you in the Court?

Clo. Why, where it is beſt being, either in the kitchin eating, or in the buttery drinking: but if you come, I will provide for thee a peece of Beefe and Brewes, knuckle deep in fat: pray you take paines, remember Maſter *Mouſe.* *Exit.*

Muce. Ay ſir, I warrant I will not forget you.

Ah *Amadine*, what ſhould become of her?
Whither ſhouldſt thou go ſo long unknowne?
With watch and ward each paſſage is beſet,
So that ſhe cannot long eſcape unknowne.
Doubtleſſe, ſhe hath loſt her ſelfe within theſe woods,
And wandring to and fro ſhe ſeeks the Well,

Which

Which yet ſhe cannot finde, therefore will I ſeek her out. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo and Amadine.

Bre. *Amadine*, how like you *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. As like the woods of *Bremoes* crueltie:
Though I were dumbe and could not anſwer him,
The beaſts themſelves would with relenting teares
Bewaile thy ſavage and inhumane deeds.

Bre. My love why doſt thou murmure to thy ſelfe?
Speake lowder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.

Ama. My *Bremo*, no, the Shepherd is my Love.

Bre. Have I not ſav'd thee from ſudden death,
Given thee leave to live that thou mightſt love,
And doſt thou whet me on to cruelty?
Come kiſſe me (ſweet) for all my favours paſt.

Ama. I may not *Bremo*, therefore pardon me.

Bre. See how ſhe flies away from me,
I will follow and give attend to her.
Denie my Love? A worme of Beautie,
I will chaſtiſe thee: come, come,
Prepare thy head upon the blocke.

Ama. O ſpare me *Bremo*, love ſhould limit life,
Not to be made a murtherer of himſelf.
If thou wilt glut thy loving heart with bloud,
Encounter with the Lion or the Beare,
And like a Wolfe, prey not upon a Lambe.

Bre. Why then doſt thou repine at me?
If thou wilt love me thou ſhalt be my Queene,
Ile crowne thee with a chaplet made of Ivory,
And make the Roſe and Lillie wait on thee:
Ile rend the burley branches from the Oake,
To ſhadow thee from burning Sunne,
The Trees ſhall ſpread themſelves where thou doſt goe,
And as they ſpread, Ile trace along with thee.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. Thou ſhalt be fed with Quailes and Partridges,
With Black-birds, Larks, Thruſhes, and Nightingales,
Thy drinke ſhall be goats-milke, and Chryſtall water,
Diſtilling from the Fountaines and the cleareſt Springs:

And all the dainties that the woods afford,
Ile freely give thee to obtaine thy love.
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. The day Ile ſpend to recreate my love,
With all the pleaſures that I can deviſe:
And in the night Ile be thy bedfellow,
And lovingly embrace thee in my armes.
Ama. One may, ſo may not you.
Bre. The Satyrs & the wood-Nymphs ſhall attend on thee,
And lull thee aſleep with Muſicks ſound,
And in the morning when thou doſt awake,
The Larke ſhall ſing, good morrow to my Queene,
And whilſt he ſings, Ile kiſſe mine *Amadine*.
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. When thou art up, the wood-lanes ſhall be ſtrewed
With Violets, Cowſlips, and ſweet Marigolds
For thee to trample and to tread upon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deere,
To chaſe the Hart, and how to rouze the Roe,
If thou wilt live to love and honour me.
Ama. You may, for who but you?

Enter Mucedorus.

Bremo. Welcome ſir, an houre ago I lookt for ſuch a gueſt,
Be merry wench, weele have a frollick feaſt,
Here's fleſh enough for to ſuffice us both,
Say ſirra, wilt thou fight or doſt thou meane to die?
Muce. I want a weapon, how can I fight?
Bre. Thou want'ſt a weapon, why then thou yeeldſt to die?
Muce. I ſay not ſo, I doe not yeeld to die,
Bre. Thou ſhalt not chooſe, I long to ſee thee dead,
Ama. Yet ſpare him *Bremo*, ſpare him,
Bre. Away I ſay, I will not ſpare him,
Muce. Yet give me leave to ſpeake.
Bre. Thou ſhalt not ſpeake.
Ama. Yet give him leave to ſpeake for my ſake.
Bre. Speake on, but be not over-long.
Muce. In time of yore when men like brutiſh beaſts
Did lead their lives in loathſome Cells and Woods,

And wholly gave themſelves to witleſſe will:
A rude unruly rout, then man to man became
A preſent prey; then might prevailed,
The weakeſt went to walls;
Right was unknowne, for wrong was all in all.
As men thus lived in their great outrage,
Behold, one *Orpheus* came (as Poets tell)
And them from rudeneſſe unto reaſon brought,
Who led by reaſon, ſoone forſooke the woods,
In ſtead of Caves, they built them Cattles ſtrong,
Cities and Townes were founded by them then:
Glad were they they found ſuch eaſe,
And in the end they grew to perfect amitie.
Waying their former wickedneſſe,
They tearm'd the time wherein they lived then,
A golden age, a good golden age.
Now *Bremo* (for ſo heard I thee call'd)
If men which lived tofore, as thou doſt now,
Wilde in woods, addicted all to ſpoile,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes;
Let me (like *Orpheus*) cauſe thee to returne
From murther, bloud-ſhed, and like cruelties.
What, ſhould we fight before we have a cauſe?
No, lets live and love together faithfully:
Ile fight for thee.

Bre. Fight for me, or die: or fight, or elſe thou dieſt.

Ama. Hold *Bremo*, hold.

Bre. Away I ſay, thou troubleſt me.

Ama. You promiſed me to make me Queene.

Bre. I did, I meane no leſſe.

Ama. You promiſed that I ſhould have my will.

Bre. I did, I mean no leſſe.

Ama. Then ſave the Hermites life, for he may ſave us both.

Bre. At thy requeſt Ile ſave him, but never any after him.
Say Hermite, what canſt thou doe?

Muce. Ile waite on thee, ſometime upon thy Queene,
Such ſervice ſhalt thou ſhortly have, as *Bremo* never had.

Exeunt.

Enter Segaſto, the Clowne, and Rumbelo.

Segaſt. Come ſirs, what, ſhall I never have you finde out *Amadine* and the Shepherd?

Clow. I have been thorow the woods and thorow the woods, and could ſee nothing but an Emmet.

Rum. Why I ſee a thouſand Emmets, thou meaneſt a little one.

Clow. Nay, that Emmet that I ſaw was bigger than thou art.

Rum. Bigger then I? what a foole have you to your man? I pray you Maſter turne him away.

Segaſt. But doſt thou heare, was he not a man?

Clow. I thinke he was, for he ſaid he did lead a ſalt-ſellers life round about the woods.

Seg. Thou wouldſt ſay, a ſolitarie life about the wood.

Clow. I thinke it was indeed.

Rum. I thought what a foole thou art.

Clow. Thou art a wiſe man: why, he did nothing but ſleep ſince he went.

Seg. But tell me *Mouſe*, how did he goe?

Clo. In a white Gowne, and a white hat on his head,
And a ſtaffe in his hand.

Seg. I thought ſo, he was a Hermite, that walked a ſolitarie life in the woods.
Well, get you to dinner, and after, never leave ſeeking till you bring ſome newes of them, or Ile hang you both. *Exit.*

Clow. How now *Rumbelo*, what ſhall we doe now?

Rum. Faith Ile home to dinner, and afterward to ſleep.

Clow. Why then thou wilt be hanged.

Rum. Faith I care not, for I know I ſhall never finde them: Well, Ile once more abroad; and if I cannot finde them, Ile never come home againe.

Clow. I tell thee what *Rumbelo*, thou ſhalt go in at one end of the wood, and I at the other, and we will both meet together in the midſt.

Rum. Content, lets away to dinner. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muce. Unknowne to any, here within theſe woods,
With bloudy *Bremo* doe I leade my life;
The Monſter he doth murder all he meets,

He

He ſpareth none, and none doth him eſcape:
Who would continue, who but onely I,
In ſuch a cruell cut-throats company?
Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chuſe?
Ah ſilly ſoule, how often times ſhe ſits,
And ſighes, and calls, Come Shepherd, come:
Sweet *Macedorus* come ſet me free,
When *Macedorus* (Peaſant) ſtands her by;
But here ſhe comes: What newes faire Lady
As you walke theſe woods? *Enter Amadine.*

Ama. Ah Hermite, none but bad,
And ſuch as thou knoweſt.

Muce. How doe you like your *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods.

Muce. And why not yours? me thinks he loves you well.

Ama. I like not him, his love to me is nothing worth.

Muce. Lady, in this me thinks you offer wrong,
To hate the man that ever loves you beſt.

Ama. Ah Hermite, I take no pleaſure in his love,
Neither doth *Bremo* like me beſt.

Muce. Pardon my boldneſſe, faire Lady, ſith we both
May ſafely talke now out of *Bremoes* ſight,
Unfold to me, if you pleaſe, the full diſcourſe,
How, when, and why you came into theſe woods,
And fell into this bloudy butchers hands.

Ama. Hermite I will: Of late a worthy Shepherd I did love.

Muce. A Shepherd (Lady) ſure a man unfit to match with you.

Ama. Hermite, this is true: and when we had——

Muce. Stay there, the wilde man comes,
Referre the reſt untill another time.

Enter Bremo.

Bre. What ſecret tale is this? what whiſpering have we here?
Villaine, I charge thee tell thy tale againe.

Muce. If needs I muſt, loe here it is againe:
When as we both had loſt the ſight of thee
It griev'd us both, but ſpecially thy Queene,
Who in thy abſence ever feares the worſt,
Leſt ſome miſchance befall your Royall Grace,

Shall my ſweet *Bremo* wander thorow the wood,
Toyle to and fro, for to redreſſe my want
Hazard his life, and all to cheriſh me?
I like not this, quoth ſhe:
And thereupon crav'd to know of me,
If I could teach her handle weapons well.
My anſwer was, I had ſmall skill therein;
But gladſome (mighty King) to learne of thee:
And this was all.

Bre. Waſt ſo? none can miſlike of this:
Ile teach you both to fight, but firſt my Queene begin,
Here take this weapon, ſee how thou canſt uſe it.

Ama. This is too big, I cannot weild it in mine arme.

Bre. Is't ſo? wee'l have a knotty Crab-tree ſtaffe for thee:
But ſirra, tell me, what ſayeſt?

Muce. With all my heart I willing am to learne.

Bre. Then take my ſtaff and ſee how thou canſt weild it.

Muce. Firſt teach me how to hold it in my hand.

Bre. Thou holdeſt it well: looke how he doth,
Thou mayeſt the ſooner learne.

Muce. Next tell how, and when 'tis beſt to ſtrike.

Bre. 'Tis beſt to ſtrike when time doth ſerve,
'Tis beſt to loſe no time.

Muce. Then now or never it is time to ſtrike.

Bre. And when thou ſtrikeſt, be ſure to hit the head.

Muce. The head?

Bre. The very head.

Muce. Then have at thine. *He ſtrikes him down dead.*
So, lie there and die, a death (no doubt) according to deſert,
Or elſe a worſe, as thou deſerveſt worſe.

Ama. It glads my heart this Tyrants death to ſee.

Muce. Now Lady it remaines in you
To end the tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
You ſaid you loved a ſhepherd.

Ama. I ſo I do, and none but onely him:
And will doe ſtill as long as life ſhall laſt.

Muce. But tell me Lady ſith I ſet you free,

What

What course of life doe you intend to take?

Ama. I will disguised wander thorow the world,
Till I have found him out.

Muce. How if you finde your Shepherd in these woods?

Ama. Ah! none so happy then as *Amadine.*

He discloseth himself.

Muce. In tract of time a man may alter much:
Say Lady, doe you know your Shepherd well?

Ama. My *Mucedorus*, hath he set me free?

Muce. He hath set thee free.

Ama. And liv'd so long unknowne to *Amadine*?

Muce. Ay that's a question wherof you may not be resolved:
You know that I am banisht from the Court,
I know likewise each passage is beset,
So that we cannot long escape unknowne:
Therefore my will is this, that we returne,
Right thorow the thickets to the wild mans Cave,
And there a while live on his provision,
Untill the search and narrow watch be past:
This is my counsell, and I like it best.

Ama. I thinke the very same.

Muce. Come let's be gone.

The Clowne searcheth, and falls over the wilde man, and so carries him away.

Clow. Nay soft sir, are you here? abors on you,
I was like to be hang'd for not finding of you:
We would borrow a certaine stray Kings daughter of you,
A wench, a wench sir, we would have.

Muce. A wench of me? Ile make thee eat my sword.

Clow. O Lord, nay, and you are so lustie, Ile call a cooling-card for you: O Master, Master, come away quickly.

Enter Segasto.

Segast. What's the matter?

Clow. Looke *Amadine* and the Shepherd: O brave.

Seg. What Minion have I found you out?

Clow. Nay that's a lye, I found her out my selfe.

Seg. Thou gadding huswife, what cause hadst thou
To gad abroad?

When

When as thou knowest our wedding day so nigh?
Ama. Not so *Segaſto*, no ſuch thing in hand:
Shew your aſſurance, then Ile anſwer you.
Segaſt. Thy fathers promiſe my aſſurance is.
Ama. But what he promis'd he hath not perform'd.
Segaſt. It reſts in thee for to performe the ſame.
Ama. Not I.
Segaſt. And why?
Ama. So is my will, and therefore even no.
Clow. Maſter with anone, none ſo.
Segaſt. Ah wicked villaine, art thou here?
Muce. What need theſe words? weigh them not.
Segaſt. We weigh them not, proud Shepherd I ſcorne thy
Clow. Weele not have a corner of thy company. (company.
Muce. I ſcorne not thee, nor yet the leaſt of thine.
Clo. That's a lie, a would have kild me with his pugs-nando.
Segaſt. This ſtoutneſſe *Amadine* contents me not.
Ama. Then ſeek another that may you better pleaſe.
Muce. Well *Amadine* it onely reſts in thee,
Without delay to make thy choice of three:
There ſtands *Segaſto*, a ſecond here,
There ſtands the third; now make thy choice,
Clow. A Lord at the leaſt I am.
Ama. My choyce is made, for I will none but thee.
Segaſt. A worthy mate (no doubt) for ſuch a wife.
Muce. And *Amadine* why wilt thou none but me?
I cannot keep thee as thy father did;
I have no Lands for to maintaine thy ſtate:
Moreover, if thou meane to be my wife,
Commonly, this muſt be thy uſe,
To bed at midnight, up at foure,
Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our daily victuall for to winne;
And laſt of all, which is the worſt of all,
No Princeſſe then but a plaine Shepherds wife.
Clow. Then God gee you good morrow goody Shepherd.
Ama. It ſhall not need if *Amadine* doe live,
Thou ſhalt be crowned King of *Aragon*.

Clow.

Muce. No Shepherd I, but a worthy Prince.
King. In faire conceit, not princely borne.
Muce. Yes Princely borne, my father is a King,
My mother a Qeene and of *Valentia* both.
King. What *Mucedorus*, welcome to our Court,
What cauſe hadſt thou to come to me diſguis'd?
Muce. No cauſe to feare, I cauſed no offence
But this, deſiring thy daughters vertues for to ſee
Diſguis'd my ſelf from out my fathers Court,
Unknowne to any in ſecret I did reſt,
And paſſed many troubles neare tó death:
So hath your daughter my partaker been,
As you ſhall know hereafter more at large;
Deſiring you, you will give her to me,
Even as mine owne and Soveraigne of my life,
Then ſhall I thinke my travells all well ſpent.
King. With all my heart; but this
Segaſto claimes my promiſe made tofore,
That he ſhould have her as his onely wife,
Before my Councell when he came from warre.
Segaſto, may I crave thee let it paſſe,
And give *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*?
Seg. With all my heart, were it a farre greater thing,
And what I may to furniſh up their rites,
With pleaſing ſports and paſtimes you ſhall ſee.
King. Thanks good *Segaſto*, I will thinke of this.
Muc. Thanks good my Lord, and whilſt I live,
Account of me in what I can or may.
Ama. Good *Segaſto* theſe great courteſies
Shall not be forgot.
Clow. Why harke you Maſter, bones what have you done?
What given away the wench you made me take ſuch paines
for? You are wiſe indeed. Maſſe and I had knowne of that, I
would have had her my ſelfe: faith Maſter now we may goe to
breakfaſt with a wood-cock-pie.
Segaſt. Go to ſirra, you were beſt to leave this knavery.
King. Come on my Lords, let's now to Court,
Where we may finiſh up the joyfulleſt day

That ever hapt to a diſtreſſed King:
Were but thy Father the *Valentia* Lord,
Preſent in view of this combined knot.

A ſhout within: Enter Meſſenger.

What ſhout was that?

Meſ. My Lord the great *Valentia* King,
Newly arriv'd, intreats your preſence.

Muce. My Father?

King Ara. Prepared welcomes give him entertainment;
A happier planet never raign'd than that
Which governes at this preſent houre. *Sound.*

Enter the King of Valentia, Anſelmo, Roderigo, Barachius, with others: The King runs and embraceth his Sonne.

King Val. Riſe honour of my age: food to my reſt:
Condemne not (mighty King of *Aragon*)
My rude behaviour, ſo compell'd by nature,
That manners ſtood unknowledged.

King Ara. What we have to recite, would tedious prove
By declaration, therefore in and feaſt:
To morrow the performance ſhall explaine
What words conceale: till then Drummes ſpeak, Bells ring,
Give plauſive welcomes to our brother King.

Sound Drums and Trumpets. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Comedy and Envy.

Com. How now *Envy*; what, bluſheſt thou already?
Peepe forth, hide not thy head with ſhame,
But with courage praiſe a womans deeds:
Thy threats were vaine, thou couldſt do me no hurt,
Although thou ſeem'dſt to croſſe me with deſpight,
I overwhelm'd, and turn'd upſide downe thy blocks,
And made thy ſelfe to ſtumble at the ſame.

Envy. Though ſtumbled, yet not overthrowne,
Thou canſt not draw my head to mildneſſe:
Yet muſt I needs confeſſe, thou haſt done well,
And plaid thy part with mirth and pleaſant glee:
Say all this; yet canſt thou nor conquer me,
Although this time thou haſt got,
Yet not the conqueſt neither;

A double revenge another time Ile have.
Com. *Envy* ſpit thy gall;
Plot, worke, contrive, create new fallacies,
Teeme from thy wombe each minute a black Traytor,
Whoſe bloud and thoughts have twins conception:
Study to act deeds yet unchronicled,
Caſt native monſters in the moulds of men,
Caſe vicious devils under ſanctied robes,
Unhaſpe the wicket where all perjuries rooſt,
And ſwarme this ball with treaſons, doe thy worſt,
Thou canſt not (hell-hound) croſſe my ſteare to night,
Nor blinde that glory where I wiſh delight.
Envy. I can, I will.
Com. Nefarious Hag begin,
And let us tugge till one the maſtery win.
Envy. *Comedy*, thou art a ſhallow Gooſe,
Ile overthrow thee in thine owne intent,
And make thy fall my Comick-merriment.
Com. Thy policie wants gravity, thou art too weake:
Speak friend, as how?
Envy. Why thus,
From my foule ſtudy will I hoiſt a wretch,
A leane and hungry meager Caniball,
Whoſe jawes ſwell to his eyes with chewing malice,
And him Ile make a Poet.
Com. What's that to th'purpoſe?
Envy. This ſcrambling Raven with his needy beard,
Will I whet on to write a Comedy;
Wherein ſhall be compos'd darke ſentences,
Pleaſing to factious braines;
And every other where place me a Jeſt,
Whoſe high abuſe ſhall more torment than blowes:
Then I my ſelfe (quicker than lightning)
Will flye me to the puiſſant Magiſtrate,
And waiting with a trencher at his backe,
In midſt of jollitie rehearſe thoſe gaules
(With ſome additions) ſo lately vented in your Theater:
He on this cannot but make complaint,

To our great danger, or at least restraint.

Com. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to heare thy folly,
This is a trap for boyes, not men, nor such,
Especially deceitfull in their doings,
Whose staid discretion rules their purposes.
I and my faction doe eschew those vices:
But see, O see the weary Sunne for rest,
Hath laine his golden compasse to the West;
Where he perpetuall bide, and ever shine,
As *Davids* off-spring in his happie Clime.
Stoope *Envy* stoope, bow to the earth with mith me,
Lets beg our pardon on our bended knee. *They kneele.*

Envy. My power has lost her might, *Envies* date's expired.
And I amazed am. *Fall downe and quake.*

Com. Glorious and wise Arch-*Cæsar* on this earth,
At whose appearance *Envie's* strucken dumbe,
And all bad things cease operation,
Vouchsafe to pardon our unwilling errour
So late presented to your gracious view,
And wee'll endevour with excesse of paine,
To please your senses in a choicer straine
Thus we commit you to the armes of night,
Whose spangled carcasse would for your delight
Strive to excell the day: be blessed then,
Who other wishes, let him never speake.

Envy. Amen.

To Fame and Honour we commend your rest,
Live still more happy, every houre more blest.

FINIS.

Clow. O Maſter laugh, when he is a King, Ile be a Queene.
Muce. Then know that which nere tofore was knowne:
I am no Shepherd, no *Aragonian* I,
But borne of Royall bloud: my father's of *Valentia* King,
My mother Queene; who for thy ſacred ſake,
Tooke this hard taske in hand.
Ama. Ah how I joy my fortune is ſo good.
Segaſt. Well now I ſee *Segaſto* ſhall not ſpeed:
But *Mucedorus*, I as much do joy
To ſee thee here within our Court of *Aragon*,
As if a kingdome had befalne me this time:
I with my heart ſurrender her to thee.
He gives her unto him.
And looke what right to *Amadine* I have.
Clow. What? barnes doore, and borne where my Father was
Conſtable? a bots on thee, how doeſt thou?
Muce. Thanks *Segaſto*, but you levil'd at the Crowne.
Clo. Maſter beare this and beare all.
Segaſt. Why ſo ſirra?
Clow. He ſayes you take a gooſe by the crowne.
Segaſt. Go to ſirra; away, poſt you to thee King,
Whoſe heart is fraught with carefull doubts:
Glad him up, and tell him theſe good newes,
And we will follow as faſt as we may.
Clow. I go Maſter, I runne Maſter. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Breake heart and end my pallid woes,
My *Amadine* the comfort of my life!
How can I joy except ſhe were in ſight?
Her abſence breeds great ſorrow to my ſoule,
And with a thunder breaks my heart in twaine.
Collin. Forbeare theſe paſſions gentle King,
And you ſhall ſee 'twill turn unto the beſt,
And bring your ſoule to quiet and to joy.
King. Such joy as death, I do aſſure me that,
And nought but death, except of her I heare,
And that with ſpeed, I cannot ſigh thus long:
But what a tumult do I heare within?

They cry within, Joy and happineſſe.

Collin. I heare a noiſe of over-paſſing joy
Within the Court: my Lord be of good comfort,
And here comes one in haſte.

Enter the Clowne running.

Clow. A King, a King.

Col. Why, how now ſirra, what's the matter?

Clow. O 'tis news for a King, 'tis worth money.

King. Why ſirra, thou ſhalt have ſilver and gold if it be good.

Clow. O 'tis good, 'tis good *Amadine.*

King. O what of her? tell me, and I will make thee a knight.

Clow. How a Spright, no by Lady, I will not be a Spright.
Maſter get you away, If I be a Spright, I ſhall be ſo leane,
I ſhall make you all afraid.

Col. Then (Sot) the King means to make thee a Gentleman.

Clow. Why, ſhall I want Parrell.

King. Thou ſhalt want for nothing.

Clow. Then ſtand away, ſtrike up thy ſelf, here they come.

Enter Segaſto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Ama. My gracious Father, pardon thy diſloyall daughter.

King What doe mine eyes behold my daughter *Amadine?*
Riſe up daughter, and let theſe embracing armes,
Shew ſome token of thy Fathers joy,
Which ever ſince thy departure hath languiſhed in ſorrow.

Ama. Deare Father, never were your ſorrows
Greater than my griefes:
Never you ſo deſolate, as I comfortleſſe:
Yet nevertheleſſe knowing my ſelfe
To be the cauſe of both, on bended knees
I humbly crave your pardon.

King. Ile pardon thee (deare daughter) but as for him——

Ama. Ay Father what of him?

King. As ſure as I am King and weare the crowne
Ile be reveng'd on that accurſed wretch.

Muce. Yet worthy Prince, worke not thy will in wrath, ſhew (favour.

King. I, ſuch favour as thou deſerveſt.

Muce. I doe deſerve the daughter of a King,

King. O impudent! a Shepherd and ſo inſolent,

Muce.